

"Unconcern in one's fellows is manifested on every hand. On one occasion Ekwataia, a cripple who, although he was not married, had made an adjustment to life, went hunting. On his return darkness overcame him about five hundred yards from camp. The night was black as ink, and Ekwataia lost his way. He began to call for help—for someone to bring him fire or to guide him into camp by calls. No one paid heed to his requests, although by this time he was but a few hundred yards from camp. After about half an hour, his cries ceased, and his sister, Seáci said, 'A jaguar probably got him.' When Ekwataia returned the following morning, he told me that he had spent the night sitting on the branch of a tree to avoid being eaten by jaguars. His sister, however, although she manifested a singular unconcern for his survival the night before, complained bitterly that he gave her such a small part of his catch."